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Revolution First

In his speech on Friday night President Wilson slammed the door of hope in the faces of the existing governments of Germany and Austria-Hungary. These governments, if the United States has its way, will not be allowed to participate in a peace conference. They have outlawed themselves. Whatever may be the future of the peoples of Germany and Austria-Hungary, there can be no future for the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg dynasties.

It is Mr. Wilson's view that these dynasties and their agents are not morally qualified to appear in any self-respecting council of nations. The President stated the general American view when he said:

> We are all agreed that there can be no peace obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the governments of the Central Empires, because we have dealt with them already and have seen them deal with other governments that were parties to this struggle, at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. They have convinced us that they are without honor and do not intend justice. They observe no covenants, accept no principle but force and their own interest. We cannot "come to terms" with them. They have made it impossible. The German people must by this time be fully aware that we cannot accept the word of those who forced this war upon us. We do not think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agreement.

It is time for the people of Germany and Austria-Hungary to realize that if they want to have peace, and if they aspire to figure in a League of Nations after the war, they must first scrap their morally bankrupt governments. Domestic revolution must precede armistices. The von Hertlings, von Bülows, von Kühlmanns, Burians, Czernins and Tiszas have been blacklisted as peace plenipotentiaries. The only credentials which they could present would come from governments which the world rightly holds to be without honor and incapable of respecting covenants.

Here is a situation in which the elements in Germany and Austria-Hungary which want peace must face without self-deception. They must repudiate the authors of the war, the violators of Belgium, the spoliators of Russia and Rumania, before they can come with clean hands into any peace council chamber.

Greed, arrogance and ferocity avenge themselves. When the Kaiser gave the order to invade Belgium he wrote his own sentence of deposition. When he sent von Kühlmann to Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest he signed the death warrant of the Hohenzollern dynasty. For at Brest-Litovsk and at Bucharest the German government had its last chance to prove to a doubting world that it still possesses some rudiments of a sense of good faith, generosity and justice. It threw the chance away and thereby consigned itself forever to outer darkness.

The people of Germany and Austria-Hungary will have to pay a price for peace. And the first indispensable instalment on it is the extinction of the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs, with all that other locust brood of kinglets and princelets which has fattened on German servility and has maintained itself in power by debauching German morals and conscience.

Levying Taxes on Federal Taxes

A peculiar situation has arisen with regard to the New York State corporation tax law through a ruling of the State Tax Department that Federal taxes on the income of corporations in this state may not be deducted from the income on which the state tax is assessed. However well meaning may be the zeal of the State Tax Department, this is obviously absurd. In many instances the new Federal excess profits taxes will take more than half of the net incomes of companies. The New York tax is levied on this same net income.

The New York law imposing a tax on the net incomes of corporations in this state permits of no exemption for taxes paid to the Federal government. But when this law was passed there never was any thought of war-time exigencies nor Federal taxes which would take from one-fourth to one-half the income of almost every company doing business. It is difficult to anticipate how this matter would be now viewed by the courts. They might consider that this was a correction of the law beyond their powers. If they should, the duty of the Legislature would be clear. Federal taxes will be imposed to the utmost practical limit. In the framing of these taxes there was no consideration for such taxes as those of New York State. Obviously a further levy on the entire amount of net earnings would work a very grave hardship to many concerns.

"Moral Flabbiness"

One of the most curious characteristics of the pacifist is his remoteness from the ordinary feelings of humanity. He is not so much inhuman as unhuman; he reverses Terence's familiar saying, and finds everything appertaining to mankind foreign to him. Thus, all the hideous brutalities, the unnamable atrocities, committed by the Germans leave him cold. He goes on debating terms of peace as if they had never happened. This "moral flabbiness" was properly denounced the other day by Bishop Quayle in an article addressed to his fellow churchmen. He has no patience with the talk of forgiving the German people. "That sounds pious," he says, "but it is really impious. All such talk is pro-German talk. If we could consider them merely as souls we might forgive them. But for the deeds of evil committed in the flesh there can be no forgiveness."

This is sound doctrine, however it may distress sentimentalists who deal in abstractions. The Bishop has the courage to carry it to a logical conclusion and to say that there was moral and political blindness in the phrase "Peace without victory." No responsible public man in this country would use that phrase now; no responsible element of public opinion, it is safe to say, would applaud it. We have gone a long way in the past year and our footsteps will not be retraced. Yet the real meaning of the great conflict was apparent from its beginning. It is hard to believe in these days that a nation eager to fight to a finish could ever have been so steeped in pacifism. But if the pacifists have lost their following in large part they are still unrepentant, still wedded to their idols. It will not do to regard them as negligible factors in the national will and conscience.

For while they talk some persons will listen, and their subterranean influence upon public opinion may be greater than we realize. It may help to determine in a measure even the peace settlement itself. Bishop Quayle is quite right when he says that "sentimentality of the Henry Ford type will leave America not only the laughing stock of Germany, but the imbecile in the German ruthless hands." That sentimentality is divorced from sound human feeling many will not understand. Yet nothing could be a worse outrage on every principle alike of national interest and of national honor than a peace by which Germany would escape paying the fullest possible penalty for her crimes. These may not move the pacifist to righteous indignation. He may see the victims of them only as pawns in his rhetorical game. But the plain wayfaring man does not draw nice distinctions when it comes to dealing with ravishers and assassins.

Our Friend the Briton

A particularly frank and illuminating discussion of the Briton, his character and much debated manner comes from the pen of John Galsworthy, in *The Yale Review*. Thanks to the war, Americans are getting on better and better with their English allies. For the future of the world it behooves us to place this friendship on a sound basis for all time. Mr. Galsworthy aims to do just this by frank confession and explanation.

There is much that is repellent, a deliberate unattractiveness, in a Briton's character, he begins by asserting. "Take me or leave me," is his attitude, to illustrate which Mr. Galsworthy gives this anecdote:

> I am told that an American officer said recently to a British staff officer in a friendly voice: "So we're going to clean up Brother Boche together!" and the British staff officer replied: "Really!" No wonder Americans sometimes say: "I've got no use for those fellows." The world is consecrate to strangeness and discovery, and the attitude of mind concreted in the "Really!" seems unforgivable till one remembers that it is manner rather than matter which divides the hearts of American and Briton.

Unforgivable is the right word, many Americans will agree. But we think Mr. Galsworthy does a real service to the cause of Anglo-American understanding in thus candidly stating the extreme side of British manners before attempting to explain what lies beneath.

The English were not always thus. There was probably nothing like the English manner of to-day in the time of Elizabeth, or even of Charles II. Mr. Galsworthy considers it a callous shell that has grown around two fine ideals, suppression of the ego lest it trample on the corns of other people and exaltation of the maxim "Deeds before words." He feels that good form has become a kind of disease in England; many Britons of to-day are so self-conscious to the depths of their souls that they "never do or say a thing without trying not to show what they are feeling."

This cult of good form centres in British public schools and universities, Mr. Galsworthy explains. In his schooldays he lived pursuant to all sorts of unwritten rules of suppression:

> You must turn up your trousers; must not go out with your umbrella rolled. Your hat must be worn tilted forward; you must not walk more than two abreast till you reached a certain form; nor be enthusiastic about anything, except such a supreme matter as a drive over the pavilion at cricket, or a run the whole length of the ground at football. You must not talk about yourself or your home people; and for any punishment you must assume complete indifference.

I dwell on these trivialities, because every year thousands of British boys enter these mills which grind exceeding small; and because these boys constitute in after life the great majority of the official, military, academic, professional and a considerable proportion of the business classes of Great Britain. They become the Englishmen who say "Really!"; and they are, for the most part, the Englishmen who travel and reach America.

We think Mr. Galsworthy does well to explain all this in detail. Too many Americans and Britons with the best intentions in the world seek to foster mutual understanding by silencing the facts and pretending that this extreme of English manner does not jar on the outspoken American. In fact, understanding lies the way of truth. To know all may not be to excuse all, as Mr. Galsworthy hopes—it will never be clear to Americans why the British manner should not learn to soften itself in the interest of international friendship. But to know the traditions out of which the shell of British unemotionalism grows is to go a long way toward not minding it, toward accepting the man within at his real worth.

Every day that our men fight side by side with the English soldier strengthens this basic understanding and respect. Such generous, heartfelt words as Mr. Galsworthy writes can do much among us at home to rid our minds of small prejudices and speed the day of abiding friendship throughout the English-speaking world.

The Forgetful Debtor

There is some exculpation for the friend who borrows a ten and conveniently neglects to return it. He may not be intentionally dishonest. He may really forget. And the cause of his forgetting may not have any relation to the familiar "money complex," for the simple reason that this "complex" is well-nigh universal. Here are two or three examples:

Lunching with one of his best friends, a man borrows a ten. They do not meet for some little time. When they do, the borrower interrupts a conversation with, "Oh, here's that five I owe you." The friend looks blank, explanations follow, and they both laugh. The man had spent his ten on a quite unprofitable dinner. It was the dinner, not the debt, he wished to forget.

Reversing the case, the lender in the above borrows a five at breakfast from the same friend. It is to send a lunch to a sick lady, and the incident gives rise to considerable exasperation and finally a quarrel with the lady. The borrowed five is completely forgotten, and even when it is recalled some time later, just to prove the case, the borrower cannot remember.

The lender spoken of last takes a commission from a doctor friend to get a bottle of medicine. He returns with the medicine, but forgets the change out of a dollar bill. Some time later he is reminded of his forgetfulness. He has difficulty in remembering, but finally says, "Well, I suppose it was the smallness of the amount. I owe you 35 cents." In point of fact, the article had cost 35 cents and the change was 65 cents. The principle works even in the smallest matters.

Here is a still more notable instance. Ten years ago two men were working together on a new enterprise. One, in difficulties, borrows several hundred dollars from the other. In all the intervening years no suggestion of repayment. Finally the borrower gets on his feet and says to his friend, "How much was it I borrowed from you? I cannot recall, but I remember I gave you an I. O. U."

The latter cannot be found. But, more remarkable still, the lender had completely forgotten the debt, and even when reminded of it could not at all remember the amount. The point was that the enterprise had been a sad failure, and the lender had the wish completely to bury any recollection or thought about it.

As a rule, all borrowing relates to an uncomfortable shortage. There is usually much humiliation in the borrowing. It is a principle of the new psychology that we wish to forget everything which is unpleasant, and especially that which in any way affects our enormous vanity and self-esteem. There are notable instances of fine types of men who are chronic and hopeless dead beats. We have one in mind. During thirty years he has bilked every friend he ever had, to say nothing of landlords, boarding house keepers, and the like. Yet he is really a man of fine ideals, and in every other way quite the soul of honor. It has been the work of recent investigation into the human mind to show that, like the kleptomanias, these cases of chronic pilfering from friends often represent a kind of transfer from the love affairs or love interests of youth. Some of them have been cured.

War Names in the News

Gouraud	gco-ro
Aizy	ay-zee
Dannevoux	danna-voo
Belleau	bel-lo
Cierges	see-airzsh
Nantillois	nahn-teel-wah
Oisy-le-Verger	wah-zee-luh-vare-zshay
Flesquières	fles-kee-air
Péronne	pay-runn

A Week of Verse

To a Girl in the Movies

(From Sunset)

THE bronc' within the picture then
Turned his black head the strange,
Quick way my pony used to when
I rode the range—

The cowgirl in the Stetson, blond
And laughing, too,
I wonder if she can be fond
Of hills, and dew

Upon the sagebrush; and the creak
Of saddle leather
As I—when my old horse and I
Rode out together?

I watch you, girl upon the hills
Of home, to-night,
And see your hand upon the mane,
Your mounting, light,

Your flying bronze hair in the sun,
Your digging heels—
How well I know how the long stride
Of loping feels!

With quirt and spur and lasso-rope,
With dust, and with fictitious fuss,
Be happy, girl out West, out West,
For both of us!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

The Song of Azarias

(From The Nation, London)

HERE, too, are bitter hunters, avid of gold and flesh,
Where the lewd heart of Babel pants in a cruel mesh.

Despite their furious roaring, I fear them not at all;
My soul has got a key that opens an inner hall:

Where calm-crowned, ivory-bearded, the old kings smile in state,
And shapes of happy beauty stand at the palace gate;

Where stainless run the waters and tender toil the flowers
To tend with tide of spices the warm breast of the hours;

Where dove-eyed are the angels, their locks are curled with youth,
And some will touch the viol and some finger the luth;

Where on the long horizons the dim blue mountains lie,
And sweep all rich with lillies up to the starry sky.

W. R. CHILDE.

Happy Country

(From The Sonnet)

HERE by the bright blue creek the good ships lie
A-building, and the hammers beat and beat,
And the wood-smell is pleasant in the heat—
The strong ribs curve against the marsh and sky.
Here the old men are mowing in the sun,
And the hay-sweetness blends with the wild rose;
At the field's edge the scarlet lily glows;
The great clouds sail, and the swift shadows run,
And the broad, undulant meadows gloom and smile.
Over the russet red-top warm winds pass,
The swallow swoops and swerves, the cattle stand
In the cool of shallow brooks—and all the while
Peace basks asleep, she dreams of some sad land
Leagues over sea, where youth is mown as grass.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

Enisled

(From The New Statesman)

FALLEN as though on some serener planet,
Lapped in a softer daylight we have lain,
Under a vaporous sky, though far we scan it
One, with the sea—one vague, broad, luminous plain;
Where like a meteor glides and falls a gannet,
Where porpoises roll shining, and seals pass
And sink without a sound. The steeps of granite,
Dissolved in light, loom, like a clouded glass;
All is transparency, yet all is dim,
AN mystery, all solitude, all peace.
Near shore through weedy glades fish dozing swim,
And opalescent eels; all creatures seem
Like us, the earth, the sky, the somnolent seas,
Locked in a beautiful but dawnless dream.

OLWEN W. CAMPBELL.

Eagle Youth

(1918)

(From The Yale Review)

THEY have taken his horse and plume,
They have left him to plod, and fume
For a hero's scope and room!
They have curbed his fighting pride,
They have bade him burrow and hide
With a million, side by side:
Look—into the air he springs,
Fighting with wings!

He has found a way to be free
Of that dun immensity.
That would swallow up such as he:
Who would burrow when he could fly?
He will climb up into the sky
And the world shall watch him die!
Only his peers may dare
Follow him there!

KARLE WILSON BAKER.

Song

(From The Century)

SHE goes all so softly,
Like a shadow on the hill,
A faint wind at twilight
That stirs, and is still.

She weaves her thoughts whitely,
Like doves in the air,
Though a gray mound in Flanders
Clouds all that was fair.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

Page New York American

March 28 1914

AMERICAN HISTORY REVERSED---NO. 7

President Wilson Congratulates the British, Who Have Just Taken Possession of the United States Capital.

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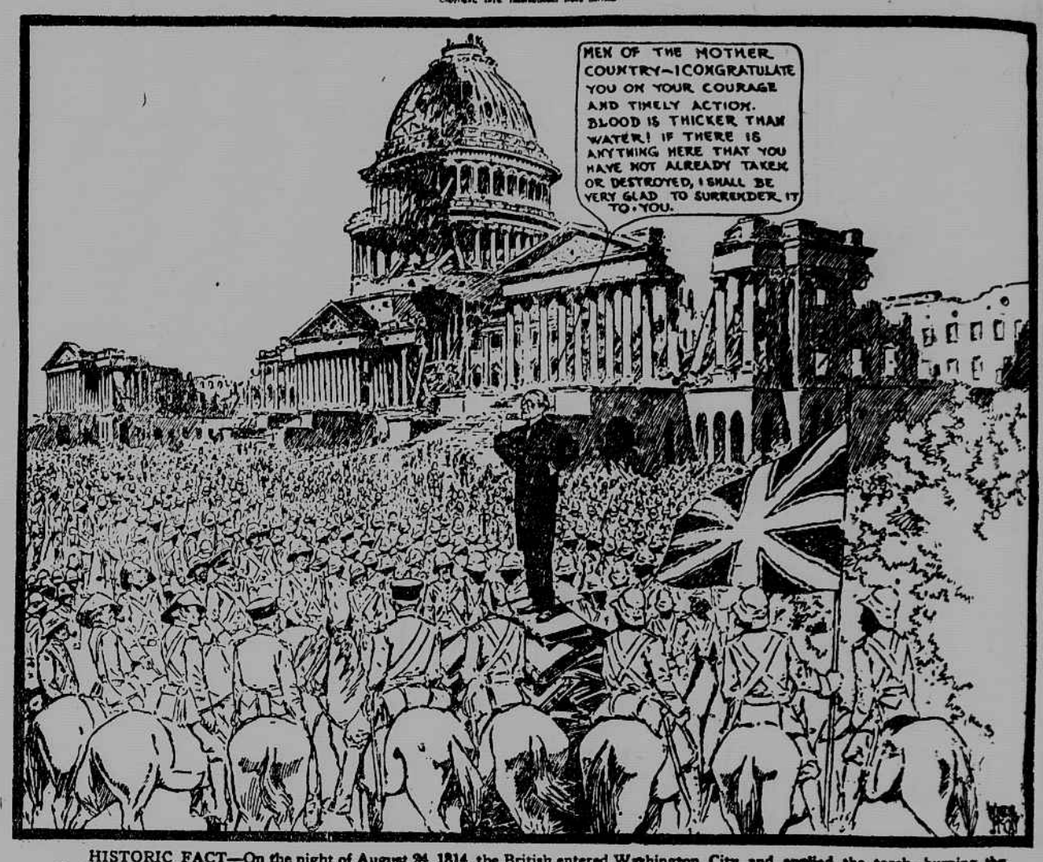

HISTORIC FACT—On the night of August 24, 1814, the British entered Washington City and applied the torch, burning the Capitol, Treasury and other public and private buildings. Parties of the British soldiery advanced to the White House and, after eating a dinner prepared for the American officers by President Madison, set the building on fire.

Hearst Strafing England

Five years before Germany declared war the German navy began to toast "Der Tag," meaning the day that should see the wreck of Great Britain's power.

Five months before Germany declared war the Hearst newspapers launched in this country a very violent anti-British propaganda, in which England's power was represented in a sinister aspect.

This propaganda took the form of a series of cartoons on "American History Reversed." Each of them revived memories of America's struggle with England a century ago, and pictured the President and his associates as reversing the historic procedure and exhibiting a base and disloyal subservience to a grasping foreign enemy.

The Pennsylvania Muddle

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 28.—To understand politics in Pennsylvania—and more particularly politics in Philadelphia—it is essential to grasp one fundamental fact. Both state and city are in normal times overwhelmingly Republican. But the Republican party is divided into two factions, one controlled by Senator Penrose, the other by the Vares, the contractor-bosses. In the frequent quarrels between these the Democratic organization is a valuable pawn. It can swing votes to one or the other, and it has no nice scruples against doing so. The reward is a share in the spoils. Thus the suspicion that a Democratic candidate may be really acting in the interest of a Republican faction is too often justified. That is the charge now brought against Judge Bonniwell, the Democratic candidate for Governor. It has been pressed with great vehemence by A. Mitchell Palmer, who, with Vance McCormick, represents the Administration among the Pennsylvania Democrats; and the Democratic State Committee has in consequence repudiated Bonniwell, though he obtained the nomination at the primaries by an unexpectedly large majority.

Disregarding for the moment the explicit charge against the judge, that he was put forward by Penrose as the candidate of the liquor interests, it should be noted that this action reveals an unwillingness on the part of many Democrats to be bought and sold. And it is a fact that the Democratic party as a whole is not inferior, morally, to the Republican party. It has done honest service to the state in the past by combining with the independent voters to defeat Republicans of dubious merit. Nor, for that matter, is the Republican party completely dominated on every occasion by the machine.

Republican Bosses Feel Secure

But there is no strong, coherent body of independents within the party to check the selfish ambitions or the unscrupulous intrigues of factional leaders. Pennsylvania is so intensely devoted to Republican principles—and especially to the principle of protection—that even men who are most opposed to bossism and its results do not willingly join with Democrats, who are not devoted to the principle of protection, to defeat Republican candidates, whatever may be their character. It is this feeling of security that makes the bosses believe they can put over anything they please and get away with it. Only in rare cases have they been disappointed. For they patch up their quarrels when they have to; and always there is the Democratic rump to do business with. Thus the political history of the state in recent years has been a pretty sordid chronicle.

These conditions are revealed most startlingly in Philadelphia. It is probably the worst governed city in the country. Its rulers are Republicans simply because that is the ruling political faith. They are left undisturbed by the respectable manufacturers and bankers simply because they can deliver Republican votes, with Democratic thrown in for good measure if needed. There is a rupture just now between the Penrose faction and the Vare faction, but the gulf is not too deep to be bridged when the needs of both require it. To either side Philadelphia is a good thing, to be worked for all it is worth. It has the dirtiest streets in the world—the Vares are street cleaning contractors, as well as bosses—the most inefficient police, the least capable public officials and the largest collection of bums and loafers to be found in America. These are among the reasons why Secretary Daniels was able to fix an unjust stigma upon the city by his recent "vice crusade."

The Administration's Hopes for Election

Whether the Administration hoped to make a good showing in Pennsylvania this fall or not must remain a matter of speculation. One obvious way of helping the Democrats, of course, was to make the most of the evidences of misrule in Republican Philadelphia. Nor is it at all unlikely, on the whole, that a Democratic candidate for Governor who had the backing of the Administration would have made a good showing, or that even a Congressman or two might have been picked up en route. Whether or not Mr. Guffey, of Pittsburgh, the man picked by the Administration leaders, could have come within hailing distance of William C. Sproul, the Republican candidate, it is difficult to say. He never had any chance. Judge Bonniwell simply ran away with him at the primaries.

It soon became evident that Judge Bonniwell was persona non grata at Washington. Nor did he take any pains to heal the breach in the party which his nomination threatened to create. He is a strong anti-prohibitionist, and thus he injected into the campaign an issue that many of the politicians in both parties are anxious to avoid. Furthermore, he began to fight the leaders of his own party; to demand the withdrawal from the ticket of Congressman Logue, who had been named for Lieutenant Governor; to exploit his personal views at great length; finally to set up a Fair Play party as a protest against the Democratic machine. Here were the beginnings of a quarrel which has become exceedingly bitter.

A. Mitchell Palmer, who presumably represents, though no doubt unofficially, the Administration, quickly took up the glove Judge Bonniwell flung down. The judge's views on prohibition were made the basis of a charge that his nomination was forced by the liquor dealers, with the assistance of Senator Penrose; in other words, that the Republicans who are not in favor of prohibition wanted a candidate for whom they could vote, and thus bring about the defeat of Mr. Sproul, who had come out as a "dry," though president of the Union League Club, where there is no special aversion to taking a drink. On Saturday Mr. Palmer, at the meeting of the Democratic State Committee, made a violent speech against Bonniwell. But the charge that he is a Penrose dummy has not been proved.

Nor, it may be added, is it necessarily a sign of moral delinquency—or of subservience to the liquor interests—if a candidate does not believe in national prohibition. That is an issue upon which men may divide with perfect sincerity, and nothing is gained by denying it. There are many weaknesses in the Bonniwell candidacy; his failure to resign his judgeship is one of them; but the Mitchell charges are at least not proved, and both the judge and the Senator have denied them vehemently. The quarrel is a very pretty one as it stands. It certainly will not be of any advantage to the Democratic party in this state, or to the Administration, if Mr. Palmer speaks for it. Considering all the political elements involved, considering the fact that Pennsylvania is so solidly Republican that only an enthusiastically united Democratic party can hope, once Republican factional differences are composed, to muster any formidable opposition, it would have been better for the Administration to let politics remain adjourned, so far as the Bonniwell candidacy was concerned, however distasteful it might be to Messrs. Palmer, McCormick and the rest.

Industrial Volunteers

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial of this morning "Crippling Hog Island" hits the nail exactly on the head. There seems to be a lack of coördination somewhere.

It occurs to me there are plenty of men in the country to-day, business and professional men, who would consider it an honor, a distinctive mark of their patriotism, to freely give up their business or professional work for the duration of the war in order to take hold and help piece out the labor shortage, whether in the shipyards or elsewhere. Rabbi Wise was only one. To my mind this field has not been touched.

Take myself, for example. Some ten days ago I wrote the War Department offering my services in any capacity in which they might see fit to use me in America or France. A day or two ago I received my own communication back, accompanied by a form letter to the effect that I might obtain necessary application blanks from the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., "concerning the competitive examinations required of appointees to the civil service." I had no intention then, and have none at present, of entering any competitive civil service lists. What I wanted to do was to get busy helping out what apparently is a crying need.

I stated in my letter that I am forty-two years of age and single, the head of my own advertising business and, though registered, exempt from the draft at least for some time. I also might have mentioned that in my youth I worked in lumber camps of the Northwest and shipped before the mast on the Great Lakes, and while to-day, as an advertising writer, classed with poets, this should not be held against me to the length of keeping me out of useful work that would help on the good fight.

There ought to be some way of utilizing such men as myself. By making up a purely voluntary organization, under some such head as "industrial volunteers" or "the loyal legion of industry"—names do not matter—I believe a vast number of men, exempt for one reason or another from actual fighting, would be glad to sign their names to the roster, take off their coats, don overalls, spit on their hands and go to it. Physically, it would be the making of them; mentally, it would freshen them up as nothing else could; morally and spiritually they would be a thousand times the better for having contributed the work of their own hands to the cause. Moreover, with such a class of men their hearts and souls would be in their work. There would be no slackers. Let me offer myself again as a first volunteer.

R. K. SMITH.

New York, Sept. 21, 1918.